Winter Fayre

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/28294809.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Science Fiction, freighter pilots, Omega Verse, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Alpha, Stranded, Chance Meetings, Reunions, Rivalry, Brief Violence, Drinking, Sharing a Bed, Enemies to Lovers, Sexual Tension, Implied Sexual Content, Blow Jobs, Face-Fucking, Oral Knotting, Come Swallowing, Happy Ending, Winter, Prompt Fill, do not copy to another site, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 103 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 70 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics
Collections:	#SeasonsSlick
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-24 Words: 4,403 Chapters: 1/1

Winter Fayre

by TigerPrawn

Summary

From the prompt: Wandering captain meets a childhood foe at the winter fayre but rivals to lovers

Thanks to business closures, Hannibal is stuck on Winter until the Fayre is over, his old Flight Academy rival was the last alpha in the galaxy he thought he'd run into.

Hannibal hummed his annoyance. A cool and calm alpha, he kept most of the emotion buried, seething under the surface.

This was supposed to have been a quick task. In and out. Pick up the shipment and get off the planet before it closed down for the New Year festival. He knew he shouldn't have accepted a job this close to a Winter festival.

Winter was already a hell of a planet to try and trade on. The temperature drops, the very delicate natural resources, it was only the fact that many of those resources were not available anywhere else this side of the galaxy that kept trade going. The trade off was the risk of getting caught up in one of their many public holidays.

With the extra checks required due to a recent drop below the usual range of sub temperatures, the paperwork had delayed Hannibal significantly enough that now there was no one around to approve his launch.

Hannibal stood at the small shuttle station that ferried crew back and forth out to the launch site in the exclusion zone. There was nothing he could do but go back to the ship and wait out the Winter Fayre festival. But the place was clearly deserted.

Or so he thought.

"No access, friend." Crawford, the Launch Officer told him with a smile. "The ships are outside of the exclusion zone."

"I will not freeze in a ship meant to survive the rigors of space." Hannibal offered the words in a friendly, if slightly forceful tone.

"Absolutely right," Crawford replied, friendly grin still in place. "But we can't let people travel unaccompanied between the city and the launch docks, especially at night. One wrong turn and you're lost in the tundra and dead in a day. And I'm on my way home to enjoy the festivities with my wife. Let me point you in the direction of a lodging house."

To make the point the man wrapped his scarf a little tighter around him and started back towards the city.

Hannibal took in a deep breath and accepted defeat, following Crawford out of the shuttle station.

*

Will grumbled as he pushed his credits across the bar and then picked up the refilled glass. Drink prices always seemed to be inflated over the holidays. And there were so fucking many of them. There were more public holidays than normal working days from what Will could tell.

He was going to end up dying on this planet, drinking himself to death on overpriced booze, a sad and lonely old man.

Will knocked back the last of his drink and stood up from the bar stool, getting his bearings. A little tipsy but not too worse for wear, not at these damn prices. Will was about to wander back upstairs to the room he rented above the bar, when someone caught his eye.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Will growled. Hannibal fucking Lecter? That asshole alpha here on Winter? As if Will’s life couldn’t get any worse.

By the time Lecter saw Will striding to where he stood at the entrance of the bar, his fist was flying at the man’s jaw. It wasn’t as hard a punch as Will would have liked, but the surprise was enough that it sent Hannibal reeling back out into the street behind them. Into the bustle of the fayre going crowd.

The small crowd inside and the larger outside on the street gasped and watched as Will strode out and stood over Hannibal, snarling down at him.

“Will?” Hannibal asked as he looked up, rubbing his jaw.

“What are you doing here, Lecter?” Will growled at the last alpha in the world he ever wanted to see again.

“I could ask you the same,” Hannibal replied with a raised brow. Not quite amused but clearly nothing more than baffled at Will’s actions. In fact, he then held up his arm for Will to help him to his feet.

At that, Will obliged, unsure what else he could do. Sure he’d love to kick the guy in the ribs, but with a crowd formed and law enforcement in this place not exactly forgiving of public disturbances in the holidays, it was best he didn’t. So instead he pulled Hannibal to his feet and dragged the man back inside the bar.

“I was told they have lodgings here.” Hannibal said, “Though I had hoped for a warmer welcome.”

Will grunted, “No less than you deserve.”

Will went back to where he’d been at the bar and signalled for another drink, ignoring the alpha who took the stool beside him.

“Is that so?” Hannibal questioned, at which Will couldn’t help but shoot him a sharp look.

“Yes it’s fucking so, Hannibal.” Will almost snarled the words, his hackles rising as one might with rival alphas, but this went beyond rivalry. There had always been issues between them, ever since flight academy. They’d been in the same graduating year and were the top two from beginning to end.

And sure that rivalry sometimes went beyond classes and flight simulations, as it might with two rival alphas. There were several occasions where it had become physical, jostling turning to pushing, and then brawling as young alphas were wont to do. Though Will recalled as with now, it was usually himself as the aggressor and Hannibal doing little more than evading and defending.

That had always pissed him off. He wanted Lecter to fight back. He wanted to pin him down and tear him apart. And-

“What is it I did, Will? Surely you are over your petty rivalry?”

Will clenched his jaw and resisted the urge to hit Lecter again.

“Are you being purposely obtuse?” Will asked before knocking back his drink and placing more credits on the bar.

Hannibal signalled for a drink of his own and the shook his head at Will, as fucking cool and calm as always.

“You remember the job on Tiko V? The job that should have been mine?” Will snarled.

Hannibal frowned, “I took some VIP passengers from there to here, that has to have been at least a year ago now.”

“Try two.” Will corrected. “You undercut me on that job, Hannibal. I had to settle for a cargo contract on the same route. But I hit an asteroid storm on the way here and the delay meant fuel loss. By the time I got here, and with a late penalty, the payment wasn’t enough to cover fuel. I’ve been stranded here ever since. Without being able to use my ship I can’t earn enough to be able to *use* my ship and it’s all your fault.”

Hannibal took in the words and then picked up his drink and began sipping at it thoughtfully.

“I had no idea you were bidding on that contract, but even so. Business is business and-”

“And you caused the storm. The asteroid belt was stable until you went through it.”

At that Hannibal paused, swirled his glass and then set it down. “I encountered an unusually large asteroid and had to blast it out of my path in order to get through without losing time by diverting.”

“Like I had to divert,” Will growled.

“Will,” Hannibal breathed out his name. “I had no idea. I’m-”

“Save it.” Will snapped.

They were both silent for a moment, Will’s jaw tight as he locked eyes with the other alpha.

Fuck, his eyes were gorgeous. Deep and dark. His scent was earthy and rich. Will hated it.

It was more than enough to remind Will quite how much he desired alphas, and how long it had been since he’d been with one.

Just being around another human after so long with Winterians was making his skin hum, whether he wanted it to or not. The Winterians might look the same as humans, but their physiology was vastly different. They didn’t have dynamic genders like humans, and just being around the scent of an alpha was enough to hype Will up.

If only it was an alpha he actually wanted anything to do with.

“I apologise Will. What can I do to help?”

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Hannibal had gladly paid for more drinks for Will. Enough so that he became all the more tipsy though no less forgiving.

Despite Hannibal’s offer to at least take Will back to earth, Will was adamant he would not leave his ship, which Hannibal could of course understand. But fuel wasn’t cheap. Perhaps there were other options?

In the meantime, he was happy to listen to Will rant all about his time on Winter, about the seemingly endless public holidays and how expensive everything was. Until Will finally ran out of steam.

“I’m going to bed.” Will finally mumbled, his eyes slightly glassy.

“I should get a room too,” Hannibal agreed, startled by Will’s chuckle.

“You won’t get a room. Haven’t been rooms here for days. No where else either I imagine. This is the biggest of the many festivals. The Winter Fayre attracts people from all over the sector.” Will was still chuckling, shaking his head in disbelief at the fact that Hannibal thought he might be able to find a room.

“I see,” Hannibal murmured, looking around the bustling bar. “I had been told this lodging would hopefully have rooms.”

“You might have been in luck a couple of days ago...” Will started and then stopped to look at him. That same look he’d given Hannibal many a time in flight school. A look that had always made Hannibal wonder if Will Graham was sexually inclined towards alphas.

“I will have to see if I can make some other arrangements. A couch in a backroom, perhaps.” Hannibal ventured.

That earned another slight chuckle and Will shook his head. “No, there won’t be anything. Nothing remotely resembling a surface you can sleep on.”

As Will said the words he looked Hannibal over again and then went quiet, as though realising the predicament. Which he surely did because then he added, “After what you did, I should let you sleep on the street and hope someone gives you a warm blanket.”

“But?” Hannibal asked when Will went quiet.

“No buts, that’s what I should do.” Will chuckled again, clearly a little more than tipsy now. He took in a deep breath and let it out as he kept Hannibal’s gaze and continued. “You can come to my room. It’s not much, and you can take the floor. It’s warm. Just for tonight though.”

“Of course,” Hannibal agreed, inclining his head in thanks. “This is very much appreciated Will.”

Will grumbled something unintelligible under his breath in response.

*

Of course, this was a mistake.

Having another alpha over to stay? And one that he hated this much? It left Will with an aggravating mix of arousal and frustration that sobered him up quickly enough that he regretted the amount of credits he’d spent that evening.

He’d given Hannibal some blankets and pillows and let him sleep on the floor, true to his word, despite having a large enough bed to comfortably accommodate them both.

It was the consumption of so much alcohol that led Will to having to use the bathroom in the night, and after an hour or two of heavy sleep, he was barely awake when he tripped over the prone body on his floor.

“Fuck,” He muttered under his breath, remembering Hannibal was there. “Could you just…” Will started, irritated, “Just get into the bed, I don’t want to break my neck because of you. Though at this point it would be fitting for you to be the cause of my death.”

When Will returned from the bathroom, he was still muttering under his breath, but as he got back into bed, overcome by the warm and comforting presence of someone there with him, he fell immediately back to sleep.

Hours later, he woke to find himself curled around Hannibal Lecter.

*

Hannibal had been enjoying the closeness when he felt Will draw a sharp breath and still.

It had been a while since he’d been in port long enough to make an acquaintance with someone, much less a human, and he had been savouring it. Along with the chance to finally

feel what it was like to be close to this alpha in particular.

He still remembered, with fondness and frustration, their rivalry and the tension between them. It had been exhilarating and had only served to make him work all the harder. Not least because he had wanted to impress his rival as an alpha often seeks to impress a potential mate. Not that it ever worked. He had just assumed that Will was only interested in omegas.

And now here they were in bed together.

Hannibal knew he had a choice to make here. To allow the alpha to pull away and pretend nothing happened, and even that there had never been that spark between them. Or, to take advantage of the moment.

The moment he felt Will start to pull away, Hannibal reached behind him and wrapped a hand around Will's arm.

"Stay," He encouraged. Not a command or a request, more a hope he realised.

A low growl came from Will, and for a moment Hannibal thought he might push him away, or possibly even assault him. Had Will known about Hannibal's crush and been unhappy with it? If he was only attracted to omegas, as so many alphas were, then Hannibal could understand his discomfort both past and present

But perhaps Will had only been fighting with himself, because then he rolled back against Hannibal, sliding an arm around him and caging him there.

Hannibal couldn't help but let loose a low purr. Will let out a contented hum in response and they both drifted back into slumber.

*

Will woke a little hazy.

He was surprisingly not hungover, if anything he was now feeling a residual kind of tipsy, still a little buzzed. And that was sort of nice.

It did however mean that it took him a moment to realise that there was another man in his bed.

Hannibal Lecter.

Damn.

The few dreams he'd had about the asshole back at flight school came back to him. It was only natural that he got het up about a rival alpha like that. No matter how much they hated each other, there was a fine line between that and lust. Alphan instincts and reactions ran deep.

Will could easily slip out of the bed if he moved one way, and if he moved the other he'd be spooning Lecter, as he vaguely recalled doing so in the night.

Before he could move either way, Hannibal looked back over his shoulder and moved a hand backward, taking a gentle hold of Will's hand and pulling him closer. It wasn't so firm a movement that Will couldn't have easily pulled back from it. But he didn't resist, rolling with the pull until he was behind Hannibal once more.

It was a little surreal. Especially given the fragments of his drunken rantings the night before that he could remember.

This man had ruined his life, and yet there was a pull. Maybe it was the old rivalry getting his blood pumping? Maybe it was being next to a warm body for the first time since long before he'd been stranded on this frozen rock?

Will inhaled deeply and nuzzled into Hannibal's neck as their bodies slotted together, his arm around Hannibal pulling him tight to his chest.

"Fuck you smell good," Will growled as he pressed his rising cock against Hannibal's ass. "Haven't scented another alpha in so long."

Hannibal hummed and Will knew he should pull back but it was difficult to fight instinct. Maybe he wasn't as evolved an alpha as Lecter. Stuck up prick that he'd always been. And yet, his cock didn't seem to mind that one bit, nor his burgeoning knot.

"Seems the least I owe you," Hannibal muttered and ground back against him.

Will winced and pulled away. "Fuck. I shouldn't be doing this-"

"I don't mind, Will." Hannibal replied softly.

"Don't mind? Fuck. If I'm going to fuck around with someone I want them to want it, not minding it doesn't quite cut it in my book. This is so fucked up." Will admitted, finally pulling back from his near overwhelming instincts.

Will sat and started to get up off the bed, but Hannibal turned quickly and pulled him back down, this time so they were face to face and he could feel Hannibal's equally hard cock.

"I don't mind Will because I've wanted you since school. The top in the class, someone I could never quite beat? I wanted you and all you wanted was to stay on top and not let me beat you. Was there more to it?" Hannibal studied his expression and Will frowned. "Was there more to your rivalry with me?"

Will huffed out a breath.

"We were children, it was nothing." Will dismissed.

"We were young men, and it was everything. You consumed my thoughts then as you do now. If I had known that you had also been on Tiko V whilst I was making that deal I wouldn't have taken it. I would have found you and convinced you to end up in this situation we now find ourselves in."

Will blinked at the candid words and shook his head, "You ruined me."

“And I’d love nothing more than for you to ruin me.” Hannibal asserted as he grabbed Will’s hand and pulled it around to his ass as he hiked up a leg. “Will you, Will? Will you knot me?”

“Fuck.” Will breathed out the words.

He wasn’t sure who leaned in, but the next thing he knew they were kissing, hungry and frantic as they pulled at each other's clothes.

*

The Fayre was drawing to an end. This one at least.

Hannibal woke aching and sated. They hadn’t left Will’s lodgings since going there from the bar. An unexpected but welcome turn of events as Hannibal gladly discovered that perhaps their rivalry had indeed been tinged with a different sort of tension.

A tension that Will was happy to work through with multiple knottings. Hannibal wasn’t sure he was ready to say goodbye to either the alpha or the knot he’d grown accustomed to taking over and over again. It had been amazing neither of them had gone into rut.

As soon as the flight restrictions were lifted Hannibal needed to go, to ensure that he lost as little time on his assignment as possible. But that was easier said than done as he watched Will stroll back from the adjoining bathroom, wet from a shower and with a towel slung low on his hips.

Will grinned at him, a mischievous smirk. One that had taken Hannibal a day to pull from him. A day for him to finally relax with himself and allow himself to enjoy the experience. They were both stuck there, they both wanted each other, and it made sense that they should benefit in such a way.

But it had taken Will a while to accept that thought. After each knot he pushed inside Hannibal’s willing hole, his hesitancy diminished. And now they were casual with each other, teasing even.

It was intimate and enjoyable, something they’d both clearly needed. But now it was over.

That much was clear as Will’s face fell when he saw Hannibal was collecting together his belongings.

Will silently went to his dresser and began pulling out his own fresh clothes, the mood instantly changed.

“Will,” Hannibal started, noticing how the alpha tensed. “I can help you.”

Will stilled but didn’t turn to look at him.

“I have surplus, several drums of fuel that I can spare. And once my current load is delivered I’d willingly give you half of the fee, to compensate-”

“I don’t need your pity.” Will spat, turning to look at him then with fury in his eyes.

“Not pity. Payback. Your misfortune is my doing. I owe you no less than I have offered. I can transfer you the credits as soon as I reach Sigma Prime and collect payment.” Hannibal explained, calm and reasonable. Hopeful that Will would accept.

Will huffed and cocked a brow. “Yeah? Why should I take your word on that? Fuel is great, but I’ve been out of the business long enough that my contacts are meaningless. I might as well stay here-”

Hannibal interrupted, “If you won’t take my word, we could rendez vous on Sigma Prime and you can ensure I transfer the credits. And I have contacts I would willingly share.”

The alpha narrowed his eyes and huffed again, “Why should I trust you? Why should I waste the fuel getting there only to be stranded again?”

“Come now, Will. After the last couple of days surely you can be in no doubt as the regard I’ve always held you in. And even without that, I would feel obliged to right the wrong I caused you.” When Hannibal was sure that Will was about to rebuff him, he continued. “And perhaps I can give you an incentive to meet me on Sigma Prime?”

Will scoffed at that, but at least he seemed vaguely amused, “More incentive than the credits?”

“Perhaps so,” Hannibal replied as he started towards Will.

Will watched him, clearly skeptical. Right up to the moment Hannibal sank to his knees in front of him and at that Will caught his breath.

“I hope so,” Hannibal continued, gently unwrapping Will’s towel and letting it fall to the ground.

Will’s breath hitched again as Hannibal’s tongue met his hot flesh. And then he let out a low moan, his body relaxing as he slid a hand into Hannibal’s hair.

This was a pleasure they had not yet indulged in, and one that Hannibal hoped would convince Will to meet with him again. In fact, he’d willingly give all the credits for this job to Will, and more, if it meant they could be together again.

Will’s cock rapidly filled as Hannibal took the base in hand, feeling the suggestion of a knot in his palm as he began to tongue Will’s crown. He swirled his tongue around the tip, tasting the precome before sucking it into his mouth.

“Hannibal…” Will breathed out his name and gripped his fingers tighter in Hannibal’s hair, but didn’t attempt to control his movements.

Once Will was completely erect and knot starting to swell, Hannibal pulled off and ran his tongue over the alpha’s shaft, sucking at his knot until Will was groaning.

When Will began to shudder, Hannibal took him back into his mouth. He swallowed around the head of Will’s cock, sat in his throat, as he lipped over the growing knot.

Hannibal let out a muffled sound of encouragement and moved his hands to Will's ass, encouraging him forward. And forward he went, both hands now in Will's hair he began to grind his hips. When Hannibal dug his fingers into the flesh of Will's ass the alpha began to buck, fucking into Hannibal's throat, hard and deep until his knot was behind Hannibal's teeth.

Hannibal panted and spluttered around the intrusion, but took it all nonetheless and encouraged more.

He was breathing heavily through his nose, nostrils flaring as his other airway was blocked. Tongue flat he let Will use his mouth knowing that there was no turning back once the knot began to grow.

And grow it did, inflating rapidly and locking Will into his mouth, his teeth not allowing it to pull back.

Tears and snot were streaming down Hannibal's face, only just enough air to breath as Will cried out and thrust deep. He could feel the alpha's cock slamming into the back of his throat, but the sensation of the knot filling his mouth was all consuming.

When Hannibal managed to wrap his mouth enough to suck on the knot, Will cried out again. And this time Hannibal felt the alpha's knot throb and his cock flex. And then with a roar, Will came down his throat.

Hannibal swallowed around him, trying to ensure he didn't breathe in the massive load even as he was sure he might not be able to breathe much longer.

"Fuck, fuck." Will cried out, holding Hannibal's head as he thrust forward twice more, spurting down Hannibal's throat as Hannibal tried as best he could to apply suction to the throbbing knot.

With another cry and one last thrust, Will emptied himself entirely. For a few moments Hannibal couldn't breath at all, his airways blocked off completely as he swallowed down the thick come that wouldn't allow him to gasp for breath.

It was just as his eyes rolled and he was sure he was about to pass out, that Hannibal came completely untouched.

He'd not noticed until that point how hard his own cock was, how full his knot. His body shuddered as he spilled all over himself and the floor, his cock pulsing.

"Hannibal, fuck…" Will moaned and gripped his cock, fingers slipping into Hannibal's mouth in order to push and manipulate his knot until he was able to pull it back out along the scrape of Hannibal's teeth.

When Will pulled through Hannibal coughed, choking up some of the come that hadn't made it all the way down. He collapsed forward onto his hands, narrowly avoiding his own mess as he tried to catch his breath.

He was still spluttering when a shaky Will pulled him to his feet and lurched them both towards the bed. Hannibal was in something of an orgasmic haze as Will lay him on the bed and flopped down next to him, trying to catch his own breath.

“Ok,” Will panted. “You’ve convinced me.” He gulped down some more air before continuing, “As soon as the launchpad is open we transfer the fuel. Then we rendez vous.”

With a cough Hannibal confirmed, “Sigma Prime.”

Will nodded, sinking into the bed as though boneless. “Anywhere but Winter.”

Hannibal smiled and nodded. He couldn’t form any further words, and he was sure that even if he could, Will wouldn’t care to hear that Winter had actually grown on him. He certainly would have some very fond memories of the place.

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